

2Pac Lyrics

"5 Deadly Venomz"

(feat. Live Squad, Treach, Apache)

[2Pac talking:]

[*/laughs*/] We're going platinum nigga, we going platinum

[2Pac:]

Yeah, you got the Live Squad in this motherfucker
We get my nigga Treach from Naughty By Nature up in this motherfucker

[Stretch:]

My nigga Apache up in this motherfucker

[2Pac:]

My Mossberg goes boom, gimme room, can I catch it
Talkin' quicker then a vic that's tryin' to keep from gettin' blasted
I had enough I put a hit upon them bastards
Boo-yaa, turn this Benz into a casket
Now they after me, prowling for a niggas bucks
Time to see, who's the G, with the bigger nuts
Buck buck, big up and livin' reckless
Niggas with a death wish step in with a TEC and I'll wet this
Yeah this shit is hyper
True to what I'm writing, representing and I'm striking like a viper
Huh, I got my mind made up, I got my nine
Ring the alarm, and strong arm what's mine
Some niggas need to feel me with a passion
I'm old fashioned, run up on me, nigga, and get blasted
With five deadly venomz

(Yeah 'Pac, fuck that, still hittin' 'em up with
that old deadly shit. Aiyyo Treach where you at?
Step up and hit they ass up with the wickedness.)

[Treach:]

We come to hit you with a sock full of Brooklyn
to the Onyx of your nose, punk is funky like skunk blunts
Stunk like funk cunt
I come to take you on a war rough and rugged route
And if another doubts I blow your fuckin' mother out
And after she's crossed out
I shout, "I'm de MC wit de nasty mouf!" and kick the bitch out
Sue me? I pay the lawyer for ya oh boy yeah
Plus my style's ten to twenty fuckin' pounds more
I take you quicker than a picture of a punk ya pickin' shit
Pickin' pockets with a razor stoppin' Russian rockets
Not shoplift, I'm liftin' shop
Once you sound hot, 'cause if you ain't a perfect ten
my sign is stop!
It's twenty mother-crooked-fuckin' styles in 'em
Like women I did 'em I'm in for deadly ready venom

[Stretch of Live Squad:]

Yeah, as I take a puff I get rough, Big Mad
To put it on, can't none come tougher see
I'm down with the sound of the Squad hard, boom!
Breakin' 'em down, I make 'em see their doom
Coming straight from the dome where I roam it's a job to
Rob and steal and runnin' from the coppers
Who hold a, boulder, turn the gun controller
Started from a punk now to be a high roller
Youngest, reckless, crazy, disaster
Mac-11 blaster, and I run faster
Than a lot of cops I can't be stopped till my head gets popped
A lot of fuckin' bodies will drop
It's a disaster, I'm coming for the blood splatter
I make 'em scatter, leavin' trails of brains and bladders
Blowin' 'em out the frame with no shame
Game tight, drop a body then get out of sight
Count my loot after I shoot, leave my kicks up and it's
Something I don't wanna do, something that I never did
I try to get him, I think I hit 'em, I lit him
He's out! A poison, a deadly venom

(Yeah Mad, fuck that! You know how we do
Knowhatl'msayin? Squad in effect, YG'z in effect
Now you know a nigga like me gotta represent)

[Majestic of Live Squad:]

Once again, back to rip shit, quick on the flip tip
The psycho, represent the real to take the mic flow
Deadly, rock a head G, check the melody
Niggas can't touch me when I wreckin' G you better flee
'Cause I'm gifted with a jab and a forty-four Mag
So nigga flip or take a trip in a body bag
Uhh, boom you slipped up, now you're zipped up
Yeah one more statistic, fronted and got ripped up
No joke, you be yolk, no matter how it sound
We're taking all fake niggas back to the stomping grounds
Line 'em up single file, dome runnin' in 'em
A nigga hit 'em with the venom, the fourth deadly venom

(Nigga, yaknowhatl'msayin? Fuck that!
I told you, we takin' over, yo 'Pac.)

[2Pac:]

Five deadly venomz verse five be the livest
Strugglin' and strive, keep a nine in my waistline
Take mine, you better bury me, G
Punk ass niggas don't even worry me, see
I got a glock that say 'Pac run the block
Fuck the cops 'cause my gauge gets me... PAID
As I sit and reminisce about the old days
Hugging on my AK, fuck getting played, hey
I say niggas need to get they mind right
Until they do I pop a clip and grip my nine tight
Now it's on everyday could be my last day
That's why I blast on they ass as I passed let the glass spray.

First you had a mouth full of fronts
Now your mouth's full of chunks, Pac's out puffin' blunts
Deadly venomz

(Hahaha, yeah pass that shit over here
Apache bout to clean shit up.)

[Apache:]

Throw up your middle finger! Start the track for the maniac
Only thing I'm givin out is black donuts and dirty backs
Let me tell how you rough I get
I pop shit behind your back get in your face and pop the same shit
You can't get in because my gate's bigger I'mma snake nigga
My act guards me so hard I pull the fuckin' trigger
I'm a cinch in a clinch, your punch is like a pinch.
Test the rhyme I'll knock your hairline back an inch
Fuckin' up pooh-butts, cut 'em like cold cuts
Choke 'em with my boot lace, then leave 'em hangin' like old nuts
Clip up and move out, time to get 'em
That's the results of fuckin with the fifth venom in denim

(Yeah, yaknowhatl'msayin?
Five motherfuckin deadly venomz, in effect for ninety-three
Ninety-four ninety-five all that other shit
We takin this motherfucker over this larger hit
Yaknowhatl'msayin? Follow us, come along. Yaknowhatl'msayin?
We takin this motherfucker over. TRUST. We out.)